

MARVEL

4



SPIDER-MAN

THE LOST HUNT

DeMATTEIS
MESSIAS
BRABO
FOREMAN
SAUVAGE
MENON
CUNIFFE

THE ORIGIN OF
KRAVEN
THE HUNTER
FINALLY REVEALED!



PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength, and agility of a **SPIDER**, adhesive fingertips and toes, and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called **SPIDER-MAN**!

Years later, after an altercation with the villain the **Jackal**, Peter was cloned. At this time, Peter, believing he was the clone, left New York City and the mantle of **SPIDER-MAN** to **Ben Reilly**. Peter and a pregnant **Mary Jane Watson-Parker** looked to begin a new life in Portland, Oregon. Now powerless, Peter Parker learns to live his life without...

SPIDER-MAN

THE LOST HUNT

After the death of Kraven the Hunter and his son the Grim Hunter, their friend and confidant Gregor has taken up the hunt to kill the one true Spider-Man: Peter Parker!

Gregor left his mother--Aja Orisha--for dead after she tried to heal Peter's wounds.

Peter's physical wounds may have been healed, but he's currently lost control of his mind and is about to attack...MJ?

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SPIDER-MAN: THE LOST HUNT

CHAPTER FOUR- ORISHA'S TALE



HE DOESN'T
RECOGNIZE ME.
I DON'T THINK
HE EVEN KNOWS
HIMSELF.



IT'S AS IF HE'S
LOST IN SOME
INNER WORLD
OF PAIN...

...AND IT'S
TEARING HIM
APART.



THESE PAST WEEKS,
PETER'S BEEN WRESTLING
WITH SOMETHING SO DARK, SO
DEEP, IT'S BEEN **IMPOSSIBLE**
TO GET THROUGH TO HIM.

THEN TONIGHT, WHEN
HE DIDN'T COME HOME,
I WAS WORRIED
SOMETHING **TERRIBLE**
HAD HAPPENED.

BUT WHATEVER
TRAGEDIES
I IMAGINED...



...I NEVER
EXPECTED
THIS.

THUNDER



PETER--
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

YOU DON'T
HAVE YOUR
POWERS ANYMORE!
YOU CAN'T **CLIMB**
WALLS! YOU
CAN'T--

THUD



HE'S
WHIMPERING...

...LIKE A
FRIGHTENED
ANIMAL.

BEWILDERED.
LOST.



AND HOWEVER
TERRIFIED I AM...

...I'M HIS
WIFE...

...AND I HAVE TO
DO **EVERYTHING**
I CAN...

...TO BRING
HIM BACK.

WHERE
ARE YOU,
PARKER?

I FEEL YOUR MIND...LIKE
SHATTERED GLASS...GLEAMING
FRAGMENTS SCATTERED
ACROSS THE RIVER BELOW.

I FEEL YOUR *TERROR*.
YOUR *ANGER*. YOUR
CONFUSION.

AND I'M
SO SORRY.

I DID MY BEST TO HEAL
YOU--AND I THOUGHT I'D
SUCCEEDED. BUT GREGOR
UNDID MY DELICATE WORK.
POISONED YOU. HE--

GREGOR? NO.
I MUSTN'T THINK OF
HIM THAT WAY. GREGOR
IS A FICTION CREATED BY
SERGEI KRAVINOFF.

HIS NAME IS
TAKHAR...

...AND HE IS
MY SON.

A SON WHOSE ANIMAL
FAMILIAR--THE LEOPARD,
MISHKIN--MIGHT HAVE
KILLED ME BACK AT
THAT WAREHOUSE.

HE WOULD HAVE
KILLED ME, HAD I
BEEN A LESSER
WOMAN.

BUT I AM
AJA ORISHA...

...THE
HINTED



...AND I AM NOT SO EASILY DEFEATED.

YES, PARKER--
I SEE YOU NOW.



AND I WILL FIND
YOU BEFORE
HE DOES.

I WILL
SAVE YOU.

AND I PRAY TO
THE GODS OF MY
NATIVE LAND...

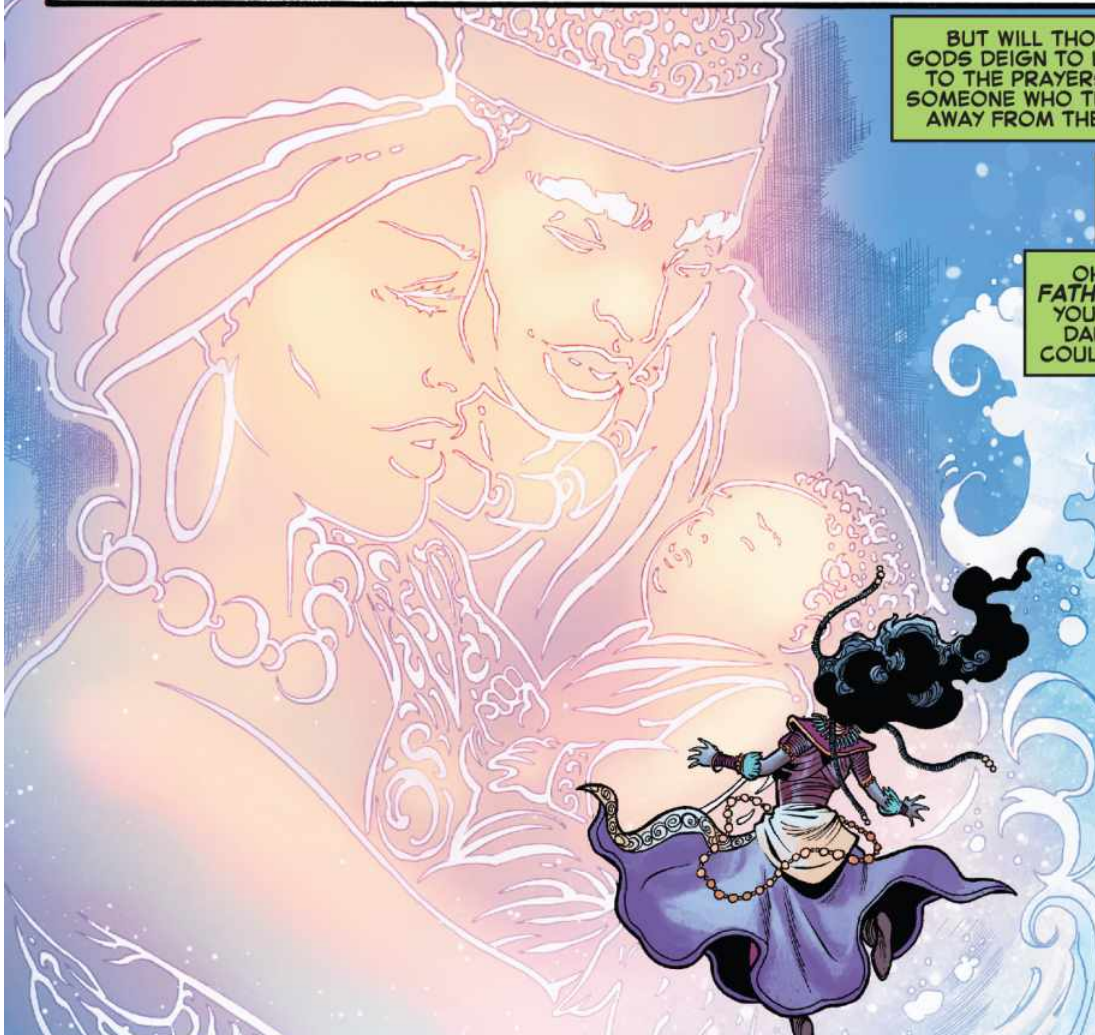
...THAT I CAN
SAVE TAKHAR
AS WELL.

BUT WILL THOSE
GODS DEIGN TO LISTEN
TO THE PRAYERS OF
SOMEONE WHO TURNED
AWAY FROM THEM...

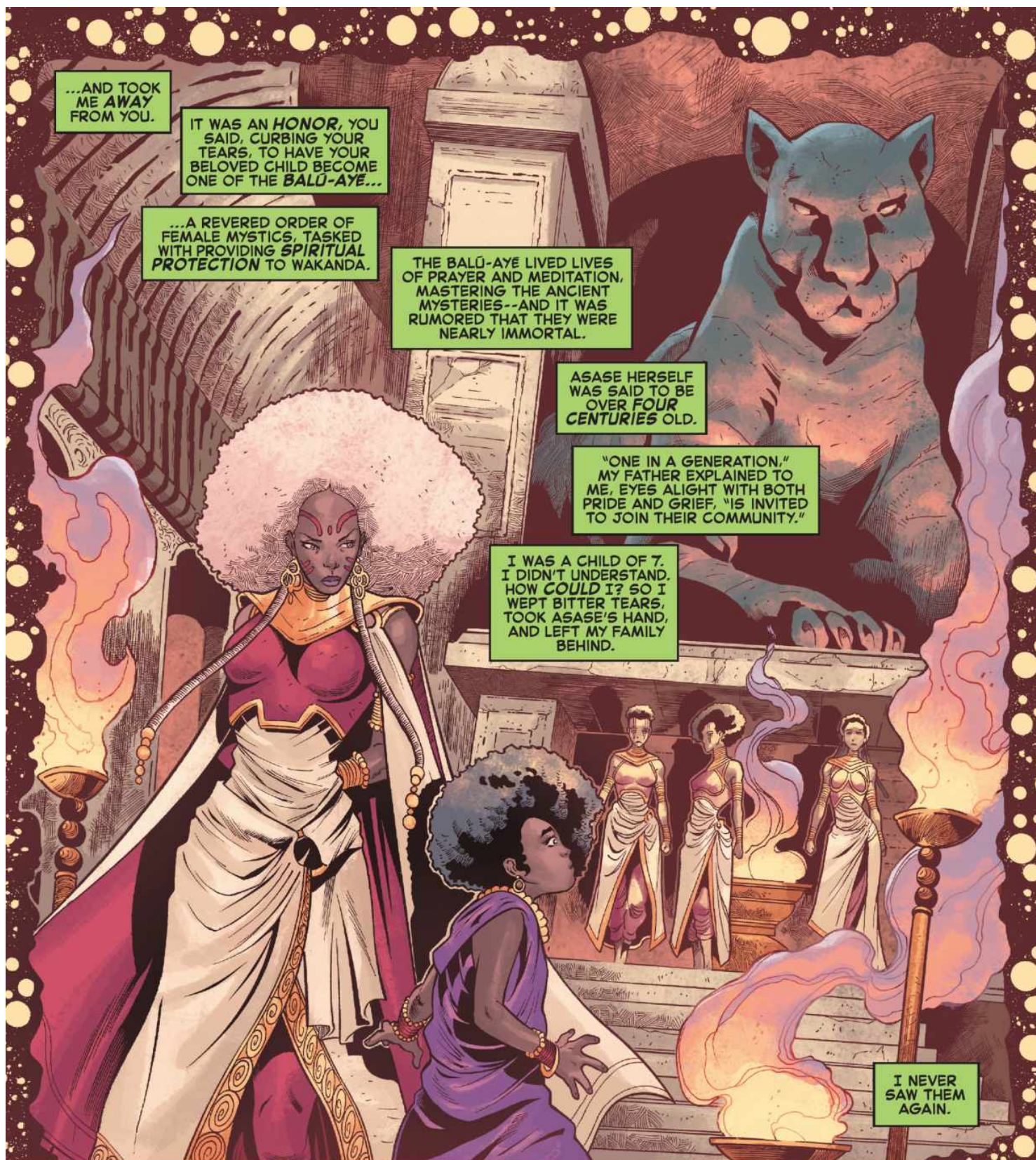
...ONE HUNDRED
AND FIFTY
YEARS AGO?

OH, MOTHER...
FATHER--WHAT WOULD
YOU THINK OF YOUR
DAUGHTER IF YOU
COULD SEE HER NOW?

YOU RAISED ME, IN OUR
WAKANDAN HOME,
WITH SUCH LOVE.
SUCH EXTRAORDINARY
TENDERNESS.



AND I KNOW IT BROKE



...AND TOOK
ME AWAY
FROM YOU.

IT WAS AN *HONOR*, YOU
SAID, CURBING YOUR
TEARS, TO HAVE YOUR
BELOVED CHILD BECOME
ONE OF THE *BALU-AYE*...

...A REVERED ORDER OF
FEMALE MYSTICS, TASKED
WITH PROVIDING *SPIRITUAL*
PROTECTION TO WAKANDA.

THE *BALU-AYE* LIVED LIVES
OF PRAYER AND MEDITATION,
MASTERING THE ANCIENT
MYSTERIES--AND IT WAS
RUMORED THAT THEY WERE
NEARLY IMMORTAL.

ASASE HERSELF
WAS SAID TO BE
OVER *FOUR*
CENTURIES OLD.

"ONE IN A GENERATION,"
MY FATHER EXPLAINED TO
ME, EYES ALIGHT WITH BOTH
PRIDE AND GRIEF, "IS INVITED
TO JOIN THEIR COMMUNITY."

I WAS A CHILD OF 7.
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.
HOW *COULD* I? SO I
WEPT BITTER TEARS,
TOOK ASASE'S HAND,
AND LEFT MY FAMILY
BEHIND.

I NEVER
SAW THEM
AGAIN.



PETER...
I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S WRONG. I DON'T
EVEN KNOW IF YOU CAN
UNDERSTAND WHAT
I'M SAYING.

BUT IT'S
ME. IT'S MARY
JANE.

I'M RIGHT
HERE WITH YOU,
MY LOVE. AND
I'M NOT GOING
ANYWHERE.



THE BALÚ-AYE LIVED IN A TEMPLE, CARVED INTO A TOWERING MOUNTAIN, IN THE HIDDEN HEART OF WAKANDA.

HOW ALONE I FELT IN THOSE EARLY DAYS. HEARTSICK AND AFRAID. BUT UMAMA AND THE SISTERS WERE KIND, GENTLE, AND, AS THE MONTHS PASSED...

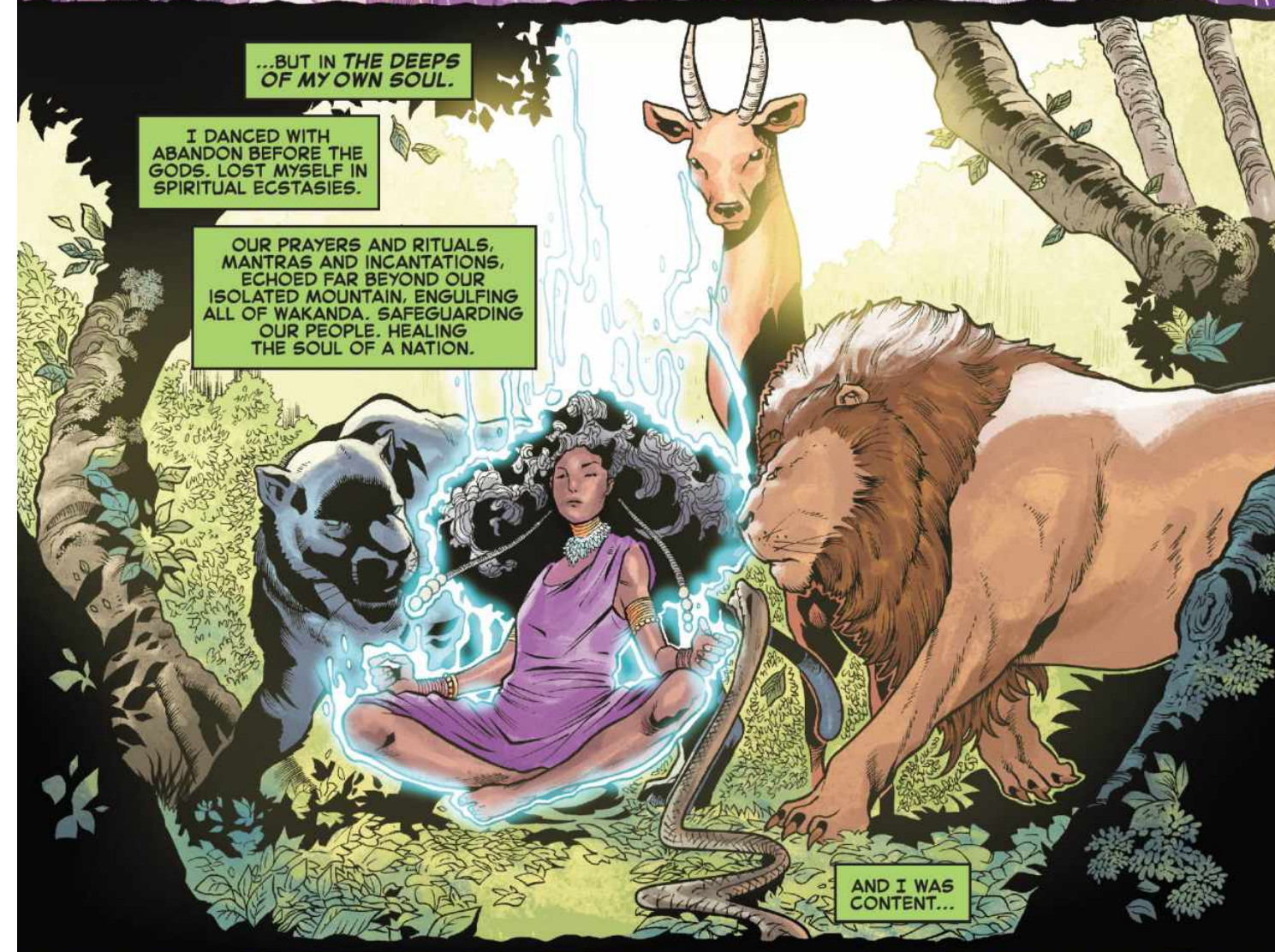
...I CAME TO LOVE OUR STRANGE, SECLUDED LIFE.

THEY TAUGHT ME HEALING ARTS THAT WERE OLD WHEN TIME ITSELF WAS YOUNG. OPENED DOORS TO REALMS THAT EXISTED NOT IN THE PHYSICAL WORLD...

...BUT IN THE DEEPS OF MY OWN SOUL.

I DANCED WITH ABANDON BEFORE THE GODS. LOST MYSELF IN SPIRITUAL ECSTASIES.

OUR PRAYERS AND RITUALS, MANTRAS AND INCANTATIONS, ECHOED FAR BEYOND OUR ISOLATED MOUNTAIN, ENGULFING ALL OF WAKANDA. SAFEGUARDING OUR PEOPLE. HEALING THE SOUL OF A NATION.



AND I WAS CONTENT...

...UNTIL I WASN'T.

INNER JOURNEYS, IT SEEMED, WERE NOT ENOUGH. A PART OF ME LONGED FOR A LIFE BEYOND THE WALLS OF OUR CAVE-CATHEDRAL.

WHAT LIES OUT THERE? I WONDERED. NOT JUST IN WAKANDA, BUT IN THE WIDER WORLD?

I STRUGGLED TO



ON MY EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY, I TOOK MY FINAL VOWS. "ARE YOU READY," ASASE ASKED. "TO BEGIN THE THE YANSAN-AN RITUAL? TO FULLY RENOUNCE THE LIFE YOU ONCE KNEW-- AND BE REBORN AS BALU-AYE?"

I NODDED.

"THEN CHEW THE SACRED HERBS, MY DAUGHTER. DRINK THE SACRED POTION.

"AND DIE."



FOR TWO WEEKS I LAY BURIED: MY BODY STILL, UNBREATHING. BUT WITHIN MY MIND...

...I RACED ACROSS PSYCHIC SAVANNAS, EMBARKING ON A GREAT HUNT. THE PREY?

MY OWN INNER DEMONS.

TIME AND AGAIN, I SLEW THEM. TIME AND AGAIN, THEY ROSE UP, MORE SAVAGE THAN BEFORE...

...UNTIL, AT LAST, I SAW THAT VIOLENCE WAS NOT THE WAY OF THIS HUNT.

NO, I HAD TO HONOR MY DEMONS, ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR VALUE, MAKE PEACE WITH THEM. AND ONLY THEN...



...WOULD MY RESURRECTION BE COMPLETE.

YOU'RE LOST, PETER. TRAUMATIZED. BUT A PART OF YOU KNEW ENOUGH TO COME HOME TO ME.

TO THE PERSON WHO LOVES YOU MORE THAN ANYONE. WHO KNOWS YOU--

--BETTER THAN YOU KNOW YOURSELF.



BUT TO HONOR MY DEMONS
MEANT HONORING THE
WANDERLUST IN MY SOUL--
AND THE GROWING CERTAINTY
THAT MY DESTINY WAS NOT
TO BE FOUND AMONG
THE BALÚ-AYE.

IT TOOK NEARLY
A YEAR BEFORE I
SUMMONED THE COURAGE
TO STAND BEFORE ASASE
AND ASK TO BE RELEASED
FROM THE ORDER.

"THE LAW IS CLEAR,"
UMAMA SAID, HER VOICE
BOTH FIERCE AND TENDER.
"IF YOU DO THIS, IT IS NOT
JUST THE BALÚ-AYE YOU
LEAVE BEHIND. IT IS
WAKANDA ITSELF.

"AND YOU
CAN NEVER
RETURN."

FOR FORTY DAYS,
I SAT WITHIN
A SACRED CIRCLE,
DEEP IN MEDITATION,
PONDERING MY
FUTURE.

ON THE FORTY-FIRST
MORNING, I ROSE, BOWED
BEFORE UMAMA ASASE,
EMBRACED MY SISTERS,
AND LEFT THE TEMPLE...

...THE MOURNFUL
SONG OF THE
BALÚ-AYE
TEARING AT
MY HEART.

BUT MOURNING
BECAME DARK
WONDER...





...AS I EXPLORED
THE WORLD I'D DREAMED
OF FOR SO LONG. FIRST, A
DECADE ON THE **AFRICAN
CONTINENT**--THEN ON TO
ASIA AND EUROPE.

WAKANDA HAD BEEN A
KIND OF **PARADISE**, BUT OUT
THERE, I ENCOUNTERED PAIN,
SUFFERING, BRUTALITY--ON
A SCALE BOTH HUMBLING
AND TERRIFYING.

I SAW PEOPLE
ENSLAVED AND HUMILIATED
BY COLONIZING SADISTS.
SAW WARS WAGED, MILLIONS
SLAUGHTERED, SO THAT ONE
FLAG COULD SUPPLANT
ANOTHER.

MANY A TORTURED NIGHT
I REGRETTED MY CHOICES,
CURSING MYSELF FOR
A NAIVE FOOL. BUT THE
DOOR TO WAKANDA WAS
FOREVER CLOSED TO ME:
ALL I COULD DO WAS **GO
ON.** AND EVENTUALLY...

...I DISCOVERED SOMETHING
ELSE--BEYOND THE CRUELTY
AND BARBARISM: A KIND
OF **GRACE**. A STRIVING FOR
GREATNESS. FOR TRUTH,
HOPE, AND MEANING.
AND A VIBRANT LOVE MADE
STRONGER BY ADVERSITY.

SO THE LONG YEARS
PASSED, AND I ROSE
AND FELL, FAILED AND
TRIUMPHED, WEPT...

YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH
SO MUCH, PETER. LOSING
YOUR PARENTS. YOUR UNCLE
BEN. GWEN. HARRY.
AUNT MAY.

WHEN YOU
WERE **SPIDER-MAN**,
YOU PUT YOUR OWN
HAPPINESS ASIDE
AGAIN AND
AGAIN--

--READY
TO **GIVE YOUR
LIFE** FOR PEOPLE
YOU DIDN'T EVEN
KNOW.

PEOPLE
WHO **FEARED** YOU

...AND KNEW
UNCOMMON
JOY.



Hear me, you imprisoned
beasts. You lost and
luckless creatures.

Let *my* thoughts
become yours.

My *rage* fill
your breasts.
My *hatred*...



...give...



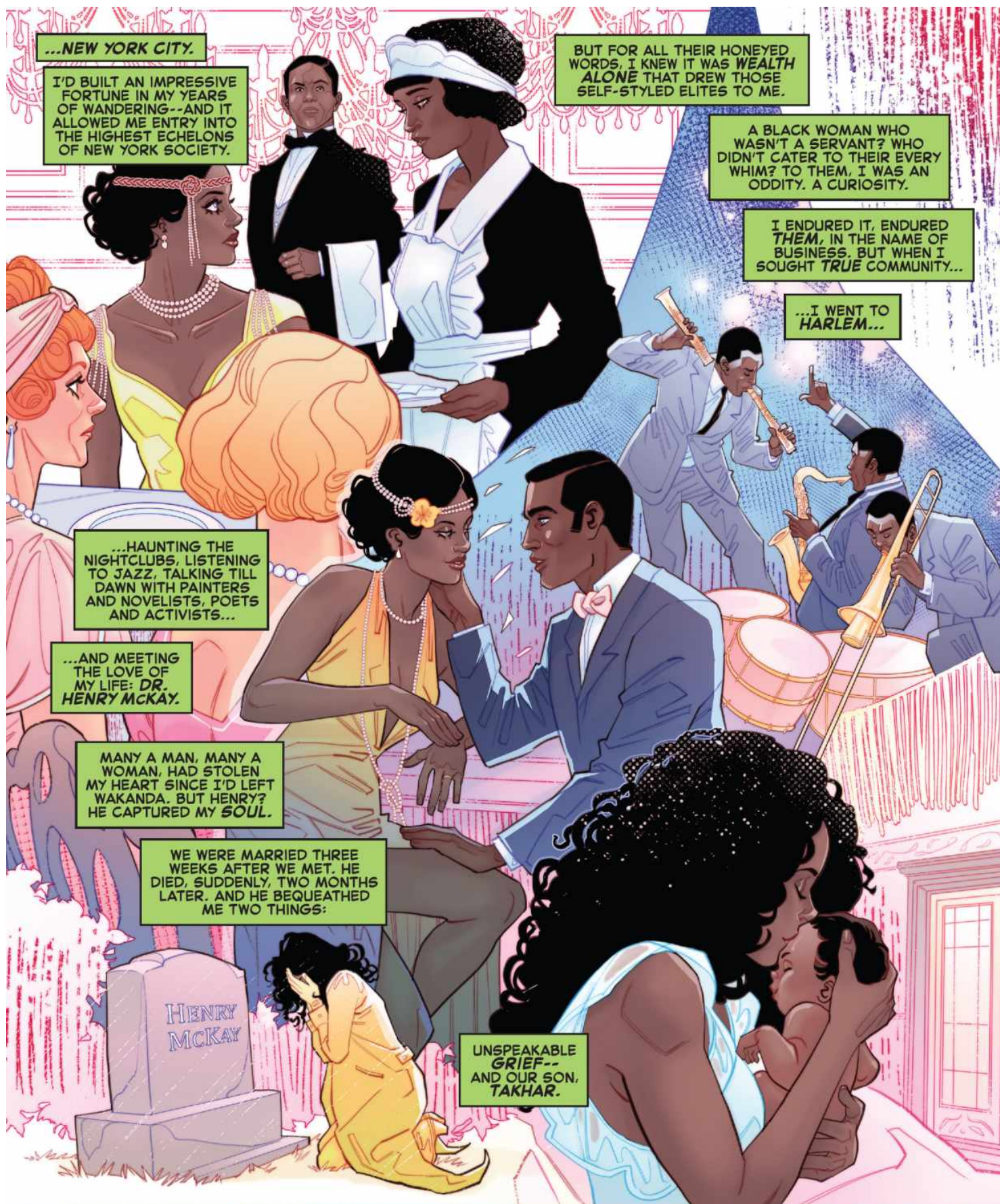
...you...



...strength.



IN 1921, I REACHED THE BEATING HEART OF THE WESTERN WORLD. THE



...NEW YORK CITY.

I'D BUILT AN IMPRESSIVE FORTUNE IN MY YEARS OF WANDERING--AND IT ALLOWED ME ENTRY INTO THE HIGHEST ECHELONS OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

BUT FOR ALL THEIR HONEYED WORDS, I KNEW IT WAS **WEALTH ALONE** THAT DREW THOSE SELF-STYLED ELITES TO ME.

A BLACK WOMAN WHO WASN'T A SERVANT? WHO DIDN'T CATER TO THEIR EVERY WHIM? TO THEM, I WAS AN ODDITY. A CURIOSITY.

I ENDURED IT, ENDURED **THEM**, IN THE NAME OF BUSINESS. BUT WHEN I SOUGHT **TRUE COMMUNITY**...

...I WENT TO **HARLEM**...

...HAUNTING THE NIGHTCLUBS, LISTENING TO JAZZ, TALKING TILL DAWN WITH PAINTERS AND NOVELISTS, POETS AND ACTIVISTS...

...AND MEETING THE LOVE OF MY LIFE: **DR. HENRY MCKAY**.

MANY A MAN, MANY A WOMAN, HAD STOLEN MY HEART SINCE I'D LEFT WAKANDA. BUT HENRY? HE CAPTURED MY **SOUL**.

WE WERE MARRIED THREE WEEKS AFTER WE MET. HE DIED, SUDDENLY, TWO MONTHS LATER. AND HE BEQUEATHED ME TWO THINGS:

UNSPEAKABLE **GRIEF**-- AND OUR SON, **TAKHAR**.

I WAS A MESS WHEN WE MET--HIDING MY PAIN BEHIND FLIPPANT REMARKS AND FAKE SMILES.

BUT YOU FOUND ME, PETER. THE **REAL** ME. AND, **THANK GOD**--

--I FOUND YOU

I HID BEHIND THE WALLS OF MY MANSION FOR MORE THAN A YEAR.

TAKHAR BECAME THE CENTER OF MY UNIVERSE: WITHOUT THAT SWEET CHILD, MY GRIEF MIGHT HAVE TURNED TO MADNESS.

BUT I EVENTUALLY FELT THE CALL OF THE WORLD, OF WOUNDED HEARTS LIKE MY OWN...

...AND I BEGAN TO VISIT THE TENEMENTS, MINISTERING TO THE POOR, USING THE BALU-AYE HEALING ARTS TO AID THE IGNORED AND FORGOTTEN.

BUT SICKNESS AND SORROW WEREN'T EXCLUSIVE TO THE SLUMS...

...AS I WAS REMINDED WHEN I ENCOUNTERED AN EXILED RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN NAMED SERGEI KRAVINOFF. HE EXUDED CONFIDENCE, HUBRIS...

...BUT I COULD SEE THE GHOSTS THAT HAUNTED HIM: THE FAMILY THAT LOST ALL IN THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

THE FATHER WHO DROWNED IN DRINK. THE MOTHER, INSTITUTIONALIZED.

DEAD BY HER OWN HAND.

JUST AS UMAMU ASASE HAD ONCE SEEN THE POTENTIAL IN ME, I SAW THE SEEDS OF SOMETHING GREAT IN SERGEI.

WAS IT COMPASSION THAT MOTIVATED ME? ARROGANCE? OR PERHAPS, I SIMPLY NEEDED A FRIEND. WHATEVER THE CASE...

...I WELCOMED KRAVINOFF INTO MY LIFE.

TAKHAR AND SERGEI BONDED INSTANTLY. DESPERATE FOR A FATHER FIGURE, THE BOY WORSHIPPED HIM FROM THE START. AND THAT WORSHIP...



...SOWN THE SEEDS
OF OUR UNDOING.

AS THE GREAT DEPRESSION
TOOK HOLD IN AMERICA, WE
TRAVELED BACK TO AFRICA--
WHERE I HOPED TO SHARE THE
WISDOM I'D IMBIBED AMONG MY
WAKANDAN SISTERS. AND SO...

...WE BEGAN THE
GREAT HUNT...

"THE BEASTS WE PURSUE,"
I TOLD HIM, "ACROSS THESE
VELDTS AND FORESTS ARE
MERELY *SYMBOLS* OF THE
BEASTS THAT DWELL WITHIN
YOUR OWN HEART.

"THEY ARE YOUR
TEACHERS AS MUCH AS
I--AND ARE NEVER TO
BE HARMED."

THE LESSON
DIDN'T ALWAYS
TAKE.

BUT DESPITE THESE
ABERRATIONS, I BELIEVED I
COULD BRING SERGEI BACK
FROM THE INNER ABYSS.
THAT WITH MY HELP...

...HE COULD *SLAY* THE
INNER DEMONS THAT
DROVE HIM TO BLOOD
AND BRUTALITY...

OUR LOVE
SAVED ME, PETER.
IT SAVED US BOTH.
AND IT WILL SAVE
US AGAIN.

IT'S A CORD
OF LIGHT AND
HOPE THAT ALWAYS
CONNECTS YOU TO
ME--AND TO OUR
CHILD.

HOLD
TIGHT TO IT,
PETER--AND
DON'T LET
GO.

...AND BE
REBORN.

ONCE, I HAD BEEN BURIED
ALONE IN A GRAVE WITH
MY DEMONS. AND FROM
THAT ORDEAL I'D RISEN,
TRANSFORMED...

...CONNECTED TO
SOMETHING **BIGGER**
THAN MYSELF. SOMETHING
HUGE AND SACRED.

THAT WAS MY HOPE,
MY **PRAYER**, FOR
SERGEI...

...AS WE LEFT AFRICA
BEHIND--AND RETURNED TO AN
ESTATE I OWNED, A HUNDRED
MILES NORTH OF NEW YORK CITY.
AND IT WAS THERE I INITIATED...

...THE
YĀNŠĀN-ĀN
RITUAL.

SERGEI CHEWED THE
SACRED HERBS. DRANK
THE SACRED POTION.

SERGEI DIED.

HE SHOULD HAVE REMAINED
IN THE DARK, IN THE DUST, FOR
TWO WEEKS, BUT HE LASTED
ONLY **FOUR DAYS**. WERE HIS
DEMONS TOO FIERCE, TOO
WRATHFUL, TOO WILD...

...OR WAS HE SIMPLY
TOO WEAK TO
CONFRONT THEM? TO
MAKE PEACE WITH THEM?

HE BURST OUT OF THE
EARTH IN A STATE OF
FEBRILE MADNESS. WE
STRUGGLED FOR HOURS
BEFORE I SUBDUED HIM...

...AND IT TOOK
MORE THAN A
MONTH TO GENTLY
NURSE HIM BACK TO
A SEMBLANCE OF
HEALTH.

TAKHAR BLAMED **ME** FOR
KRAVINOFF'S COLLAPSE.
WHY, HE ASKED, WOULD I PUT
SERGEI **THROUGH THIS**? WHY
WOULD I HURT THIS MAN HE
SO ADMIRERD AND LOVED?

MY JUSTIFICATIONS
WERE DISMISSED WITH
CONTEMPT, AND MY SON
DREW **CLOSER** TO THE
ONLY FATHER HE'D EVER
KNOWN...

I COULD NOT
BLAME HIM.

SERGEI, TOO, TURNED
AWAY. HIS MIND,
ALREADY UNSTABLE,
TEETERED NOW ON THE
PRECIPICE OF MADNESS.

HE BECAME CONVINCED
THAT I'D BEEN HIS
ENEMY ALL ALONG--THAT
MY GOAL HAD NOT BEEN
TO HEAL, BUT TO **MOCK**
AND **TORMENT** HIM.

AND HE **LEFT** US--
DISAPPEARING FOR
MONTHS AT A TIME. WHERE
HE WENT, WHAT HE DID, I
NEVER LEARNED--BUT HE
ALWAYS RETURNED...

...FOR **TAKHAR**--FILLING
THE BOY'S HEAD WITH HIS
DREAMS AND DELUSIONS:

TALES OF GRAND
ADVENTURES--BOTH
REAL AND IMAGINED. AND
FINALLY, WHEN TAKHAR
WAS NEARING HIS
FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY...

...SERGEI TOOK HIM
AWAY FROM ME.

"I AM NOT YOURS,"
MY SON TOLD ME THAT
NIGHT. "I AM **HIS**.
I AM NOT TAKHAR.

"I AM **GREGOR**
KRAVINOFF."

I COULD HAVE STOPPED
HIM. BUT HE WOULD HAVE
RESENTED, DESPISED,
ME ALL THE MORE. SO I
ALLOWED THEM TO GO...

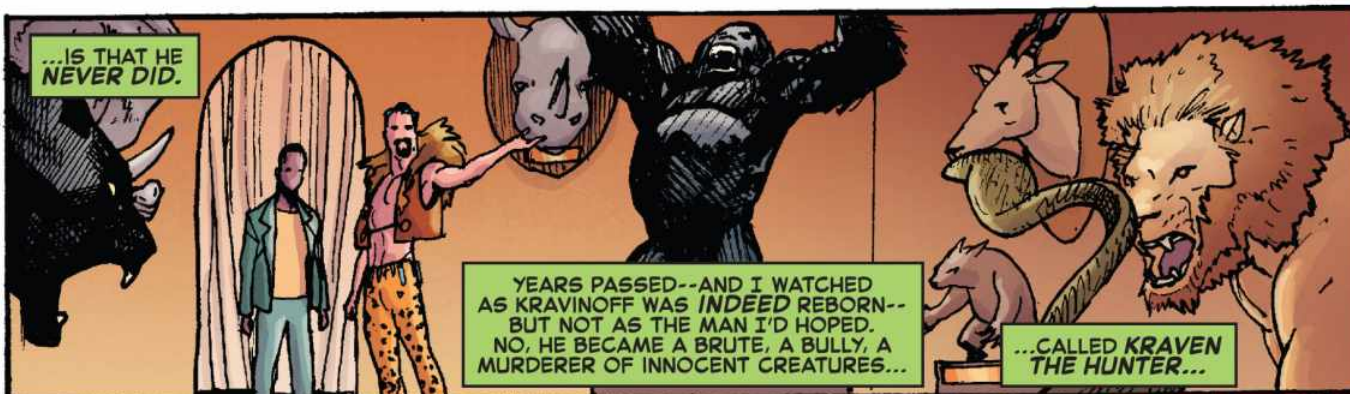
...ALWAYS KEEPING THEM
IN SIGHT, AWARE OF THEIR
WANDERINGS. AND BELIEVING
THAT, IN TIME, TAKHAR
WOULD REALIZE THE TRUTH
AND COME HOME TO ME.

THE **GREATEST**
TRAGEDY OF
MY LIFE...

COME
TO ME,
PETER.

COME
INTO MY
ARMS.

COME
HOME.



...IS THAT HE NEVER DID.

YEARS PASSED--AND I WATCHED AS KRAVINOFF WAS **INDEED** REBORN-- BUT NOT AS THE MAN I'D HOPED. NO, HE BECAME A BRUTE, A BULLY, A MURDERER OF INNOCENT CREATURES...

...CALLED **KRAVEN THE HUNTER**...



...USURPING THE SACRED TEACHINGS OF THE BALU-AYE-- THE VERY RITUALS I WAS USING TO REDEEM HIS TORTURED SOUL-- AND CORRUPTING THEM.

SERGEI'S DESCENT INTO DEPRAVITY CONTINUED-- MUTATING INTO A WARPED OBSESSION WITH **SPIDER-MAN**.

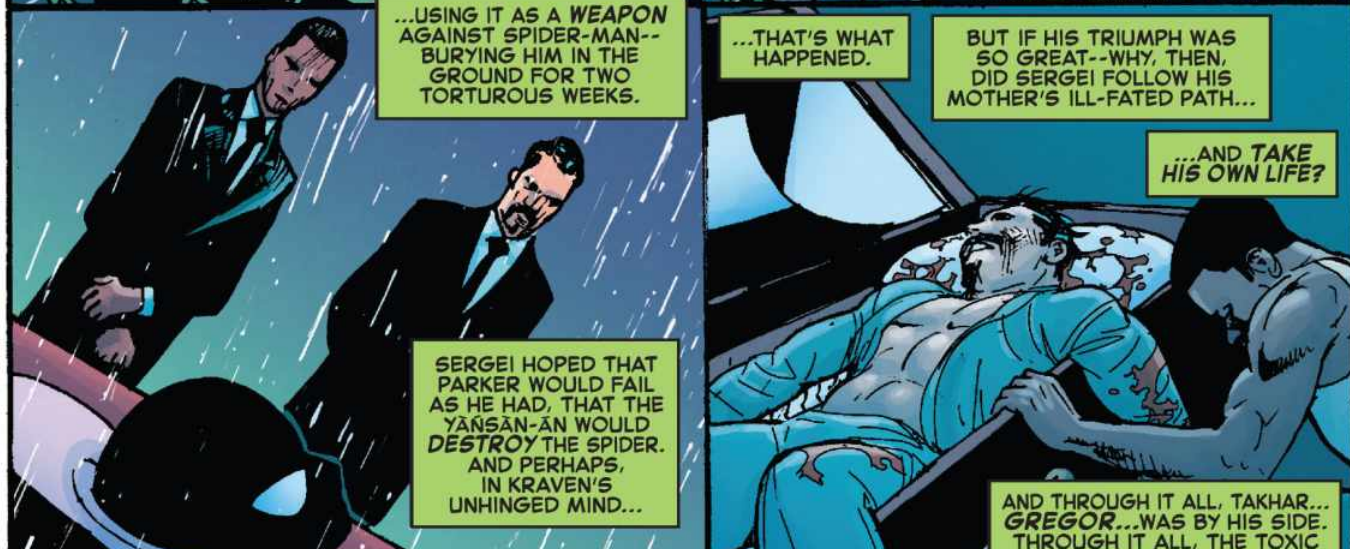
HE CAME TO SEE PETER PARKER NOT AS A HUMAN BEING...

...BUT AS **THE SPIDER**: THE SUPERNATURAL EMBODIMENT OF EVERYTHING THAT HAD GONE SO TERRIBLY WRONG IN HIS LIFE.



MANY TIMES, I TRIED TO INTERCEDE, MANY TIMES, I FAILED...

... BUT MY MOST ABJECT FAILURE CAME WHEN KRAVEN PERVERTED THE YANSAN-AN RESURRECTION RITUAL...



...USING IT AS A WEAPON AGAINST SPIDER-MAN-- BURYING HIM IN THE GROUND FOR TWO TORTUROUS WEEKS.

...THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED.

BUT IF HIS TRIUMPH WAS SO GREAT--WHY, THEN, DID SERGEI FOLLOW HIS MOTHER'S ILL-FATED PATH...

...AND TAKE HIS OWN LIFE?

SERGEI HOPED THAT PARKER WOULD FAIL AS HE HAD, THAT THE YANSAN-AN WOULD DESTROY THE SPIDER. AND PERHAPS, IN KRAVEN'S UNHINGED MIND...

AND THROUGH IT ALL, TAKHAR... GREGOR... WAS BY HIS SIDE. THROUGH IT ALL, THE TOXIC

...INFECTED
MY CHILD'S
SOUL.

THAT IS A
BURDEN I MUST
BEAR. THAT...

SLOOOOSH

...AND
SO MUCH
MORE.

I SOUGHT ONLY
TO HEAL A FRIEND,
BUT MY OWN NEEDS
BLINDED ME. AND
FOR THE REST OF MY
DAYS I'LL WONDER:

IF I'D UNDERSTOOD
SOONER HOW DEEP
SERGEI'S MADNESS
RAN--COULD I
HAVE SAVED HIM?

SAVED
THEM
BOTH?

...MMM...

...MARY...

MARY
JANE.

YOU
DID IT.



YOU BROUGHT
ME HOME.

ALWAYS,
PETER.

ALWAYS.



THIS HEALING IS A
MIRACLE. YOUR LOVE,
A BLESSING. BUT
SADLY--



--THERE'S
NO TIME FOR
CELEBRATION.

TRACY...?

NO. HER
REAL NAME IS
AJA ORISHA,
AND SHE'S--

EXPLAIN IT
TO HER LATER.
GREGOR IS ON HIS
WAY, AND YOU HAVE
TO FIND **SAFE**
GROUND
BEFORE--

DAMN.
IT'S
TOO
LATE.



"HE'S
HERE."



SPIDER-MAN

THE LOST HUNT

#5



Questions?
Comments?
Concerns?

Send us an email at
SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM
and mark your letter

